

VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

ORSON S. MURRAY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."

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NEW YORK STATE TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Concluded.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, Feb. 12.

Ator Taber, of Albany commenced the discussion. Perhaps, Mr. President, it were more proper for me to listen to men who are older and wiser, than to speak myself. But I am one of those who believe that much good results to the truth from more discussion. I apprehend that the idea of a dissolution or division of the society has risen and extended in this city more from a fear of individual dictation than from an unwillingness on the part of our temperance men to adopt the course of total abstinence, when unequivocally called for by the voice of the society generally. And I believe the clear and full expression of the society's judgment at this time will be satisfactory to the great mass of temperance people in this city.

There are two points connected with this subject, that have not been treated fairly. One has not been discussed, that greatly needs discussion, and the other, which does not need discussion, has been discussed most abundantly. The question that has not been discussed is, whether we shall abolish the old pledge and throw those who have signed it out of the pale of the society, or whether we shall declare it still obligatory, and those who adopt it still regular members of this society. For my part, I am in favor of the latter course, and that I suppose is what is aimed at in this resolution, though I do not think the resolution wisely penned to meet the object. I could not reject the men who have helped us to lay the foundation, just because they do not go on with us to lay the top stone. I believe we ought not recklessly to abandon the old pledge. Shall we say to those who are held by anything else, "You are dissolved, abandoned; go your way, you are temperance men no longer." Let us first present the new pledge to them, and when we have got in all or nearly all the old members, then let us tear away the brush fence. We are all republican citizens, and all prepared, I trust, within the limits of religion and morality, to yield to the majority. And if this society, by a clear majority, adopt the view that the old pledge is injurious, we shall all yield to it. I approve of the principle of total abstinence from all that intoxicates, and I approve of the substitute proposed by Mr. Smith, and should it pass, as I presume it will, I shall then take the liberty of offering, on my own responsibility, another resolution, recognizing the old pledge as still binding on those who have adopted it, and entitling them to all privileges and rights of membership in the temperance society.

S. S. Smith, of Fayetteville, wished to present one view of the case, which he thought important, but which had not been noticed by the speakers. It was this.—When we first took our ground in the temperance cause we supposed that the pledge excluded all alcoholic drinks.—We supposed—I did and I believe it was so generally with temperance men—that alcohol was the product of distillation.—And when the question came up about wine, I supposed it was alcoholic wines, by which I understood wines that had been mixed with distilled alcohol. The instant I found that alcohol is in fact produced by fermentation, and that distillation is merely a separation of it from other substances, and that it is the same thing every where, I went against the whole.—I saw that all stood on the same ground, for they are all alcohol. And now if we say in our pledge, all alcoholic drinks, we shall only come up to the spirit of the temperance reformation, as it was at the beginning, merely correcting an error of inadvertence in wording the old pledge.—We always meant to go against alcohol, and when we find that all intoxicating drinks are alcoholic, we carry out our first intention, and abjure the whole.

Bradford R. Wood, of Albany, as a member from the city, wished to be indulged in a few observations, as so much had been said respecting cities and city members of the Temperance Society.—I believe the mover of these resolutions was actuated by pure motives, but I have several reasons why I should wish they might be rejected, and the substitute adopted. The resolution implies that we have heretofore changed the pledge. I ask

when we have changed our pledge, or abandoned the old pledge? We have heretofore said nothing about abandoning the old pledge. The resolution is wholly unnecessary on that ground. Then whom do the gentlemen wish to conciliate by this resolution. They say they do not drink wine, and they do not ask us to pass the resolution on their own behalf. Who is it that demands this resolution? There is not a man in this house that will ask it on his own account. I am not advised of a single member of the temperance society any where, that does not use wine, who is on his own account opposed to the extension of the pledge. There are, however, many out of the society, who are ready to catch at a division in the society, so that they can get some to say wine and beer may be drank. Was it for these that the Temperance Society was formed? Shall we seriously set ourselves to legislate to gratify such as these?

The truth is, sir, wine is the badge of fashion, and here is the difficulty, fashionable people are unwilling to forego the badge. But do we intend to have two classes of laws, two scales of morals, two sets of members, two degrees of purity, one for the common people and another for the fashionable? I know the state of feeling in this city. And I believe that it is owing to misrepresentations proceeding from this city, and growing out of the discussion of last year, that the country has been prejudiced against us. Since that discussion, we have seen the strong holds of intemperance assailed, even here, notwithstanding all the clamor. I can mention parties, and other occasions in this city, where not one third, nor one fifth as much wine was drank as used to be at such times, and all owing to the discussion last year. If we could retain the old pledge, and still advance the cause, I could wish, for the sake of union, we might do it, but I do not see how it can be done.

Mr. Leavitt said. The convention is situated as a physician would be, when called to prescribe for a patient who perseveringly refuses to tell his symptoms. Our friends here in Albany want us to prescribe and administer for their difficulties, but they have not told us the real symptoms. The mover of the resolutions tells us of alienation and division, but he carefully avoids telling the ground of that division. The brother from Troy alluded to an unfortunate speech, or an expression in a speech, at the last anniversary.—Surely, sir, all this difficulty has not grown out of a remark dropped in debate by an individual. The temperance men of Albany, whom we hear so much praised, are not going to desert the cause for that! But I have heard something of this matter before, and I am persuaded that even if we pass this resolution, it will not heal the wound. It does not touch the spot. I have traced the history of this wine question, and I am sure that nothing will satisfy those who are now discontented, unless you rescind the resolutions of last year, directing the committee to take higher ground. And that will not do, unless you go on and rescind the resolutions passed two years ago, allowing the discussion of the wine question in the Intelligencer. And then you must go farther, and pass a vote expressly declaring that you consider those who sign the old pledge, and yet continue to drink wine and beer, to be just as consistent, and just as useful, and just as good temperance men as those who abstain from all that will intoxicate. And that will not answer.—The real disease lies deeper than all this. No outside plaster of words will heal it. The sore spot is IN THE MIND of the wine drinker. He knows and feels that he is inconsistent, that he is self-indulgent, that he is proud and self-willed, that he is not doing as much to promote temperance as he might, nor as much as he ought. It is this that makes him uneasy, and that makes him fretful and capricious, and I cross, and unless you can change the workings of his conscience, and convince himself that he is as good a temperance man as his neighbor who drinks cold water, you cannot satisfy him. No efforts at conciliation will be of any service, unless you can reconcile these men to themselves. And that you can never do by concession. The only thing that can do that is to keep talking the truth in love, till they abandon their unworthy course. And therefore I hope we shall pass the substitute, and let the old pledge go.

Gerrit Smith explained an allusion to the 10,000 inebriates reclaimed, as mentioned in the American Society's report, showing that they were not reclaimed under the old pledge, but by the system of total abstinence, accompanied by corresponding effort on the part of their friends.

Professor Potter wished to make one more effort at union, and therefore moved a substitute for Mr. Smith's substitute, as published in our last paper. He feared the exclusive recommendation of the new pledge would throw the apple of discord into all our societies. It will be the signal for the attempt every where to form new societies, and there will be collision and endless strife, with two societies on the same ground, both striving for pre-eminence. It leads to the language of censure and denunciation. We have had specimens of it here. We have heard insinuations about secret designs, and secret motives, and secret habits. Now I would

not adopt a policy that leads to such things. We have been told about the lack of moral courage. All such speakers are odious to me. I wish to raise my voice against these recriminations and self-exaltations. I have brought forward this substitute as the last effort at conciliation.—I beg the convention will pause before they take so important, it may be fatal, a step. At such an inclement season, when our numbers are so small, when access is so difficult, it seems unsuitable to press through a resolution so essentially changing the character of the society. This convention can in no way be regarded as representing a majority of the societies.—I beg them to pause, or at least to concede so far as still to recognize the old pledge, and where it is seen that it will do good, to recommend its use.

Mr. Wilkinson, of Poughkeepsie, said he was reluctant to add another word to this protracted discussion. He was glad to see these efforts to conciliate, and would go as far as he could consistently with sound principle and good conscience, in the work of conciliation. We ought not to forget, we cannot forget, that we have acted hand in hand with our brethren in this glorious cause. And now if we could meet on common ground, I would go for it. And I believe they would go as far as I would in conciliation. But we cannot meet on common ground. There is a difference between us, and while we both remain where we are, it must remain. It is a law in hydrostatics, that the stream can never rise higher than the fountain. And, Sir, the temperance cause cannot rise higher than this fountain. There is another law of nature, a law of mechanics, that a body acted upon by two equal powers in opposite directions, will remain at rest. The plan proposed by the last speaker seems to me to leave the temperance cause in that unfortunate predicament.—They call on us to take this course out of tenderness. Tenderness to whom? To somebody that is not here. There are none here that wish it. Yet we are called upon to commend the man that drinks wine as the friend of temperance. Sir, I cannot do it. I cannot believe my own convictions.

The gentleman urges us to pause, because the season is so inclement, and there are so few here except teetotallers, and so many others are kept at home and have not an opportunity to act. Sir, I would ask the gentleman to tell us how it happens that the teetotallers were not kept at home by the cold and snow? What is the explanation of this singular fact? Sir, I can tell the gentleman, it is because they have their hearts in the cause, and they do not mind a little hardship to promote it.—It is true, our numbers are not very large, but we have members from many counties, and from all parts of the state. Here are men from all the extremes of the state, and from many intermediate portions.—Here are men who have come all the way from the eastern part of Long Island, at their own private expense, in this inclement season, on purpose to attend this meeting. And though I have not heard them express their views, I have no doubt they are teetotallers. At any rate, they go the whole length of the journey, and I believe they go the whole length of the pledge too.

Now, Sir, let the question come. We are prepared for it. If we are right, we cannot go too far in doing right. Whether the teetotallers have any majority here, or if there are not more than ten, they are bound to support the standard, and carry out their principles. I feel no interest in this question, except for the good of the cause. I am a teetotaller, and have been for years, from a full conviction of duty.—I found I could not preach temperance and drink wine. I found that when I drank only a little weak claret and water, the story went all abroad that I drank brandy every day, and I then determined that in future there should be no mistake about me. Depend upon it, Sir, the wine drinker retards the cause, no matter how excellent he may be in other respects, or how much engaged in this. We must come to the point, and meet the question, and settle it, whether we will continue the old pledge, which has been clearly shown to us to have made men drunkards, and kept them drunkards, or whether we shall adopt the higher standard, of perfect purity.

It has been over and over rung in our ears that it is unkind in us to press this point. Unkind, Sir, why? We do not propose or wish to drive away or to censure any society or any member. It is unkind in them to charge us with doing it. We believe that the moment this society sends forth the new pledge, with a distinct and unqualified recommendation, the greater part of our societies will immediately adopt it. And for the rest, we leave them where they are, just as good temperance men, and in just as good standing as before, while we try, by an experiment of this great measure, and by patient continuance in well-doing, to convert them to our side.

I do not believe any temperance men will go back from us, much less oppose us, for this. If they go back, it will evince that they never were true temperance men. I do not believe in falling in grace, in this respect at least. I believe three-fourths of our members and more, will come at once into the measure. Why, then, shall we try to keep up the old artifice of confederation, when we have got

the new constitution, and no longer want the old system?

After a few remarks from Dr. Nott, and Messrs. Frost and Turner, the question was taken on Dr. Potter's substitute, and lost, 38 to 82. Gerrit Smith's substitute was then adopted, without, so far as we heard, a single dissenting voice.

INSANITY OF WAR.

There was a certain Capt. Cook in the British army at the battle of New-Orleans, who has recently given to the public some interesting incidents, which took place under his own eye in that memorable engagement. And it is incidents, the facts in which individuals are concerned, the insulated details of a battle, and not the whole, assimilated and contemplated in one broad mass, which is to give us the precisely true conception of the miseries which are endured on such occasions.—On the morning of the eighth of January, the officer above referred to saw three companies of soldiers, about two hundred and forty in number, advancing on the high road to New Orleans, for the purpose of attacking what was called the crescent battery. Among other persons he saw lieutenant Duncan Campbell, with whom he seems to have been particularly acquainted, and asked him where he was going. The lieutenant replied, that he did not know. Then, said Captain Cooke, "you have got into what I call a good thing; the far famed American battery is in front at a short range; and on the left this spot is flanked at eight hundred yards by their batteries on the opposite side of the river." At this piece of information the lieutenant laughed heartily. Captain Cooke advised him to take off his blue pelisse coat, in order to be like the rest of the men; but he promptly refused, uttering at the same time some expressions of defiance against the Americans; and having embraced the captain, went onward. He was a young officer of twenty years of age, of a fine personal appearance, and had fought in many bloody encounters in France and Spain. But what was the fate, which war had reserved for one so young, so interesting in appearance, and towards whom, undoubtedly, the affections of many friends in a distant land were fondly directed? Near the close of the battle, lieutenant Duncan Campbell, says the writer, "was seen to our left running about in circles, first staggering one way, then another, and at length he fell on the sod helplessly upon his face, and again tumbled, and when he was picked up, he was found to be blind from the effects of grape shot, that had torn open his forehead, given him a slight wound in the leg, and had also ripped the scabbard from his side, and knocked the cap from his head. While being borne insensible to the rear, he still clenched the hilt of his sword with a convulsive grasp, the blade thereof being broken off close at the hilt with grape shot, and in a state of delirium and suffering he lived for a few days."

Here is an incident which may be called a common one; he died much as any other soldier on the field of battle may be supposed to die; but this is the cause of the difference in our feelings; we single him out from the rest of the multitude.—we do not mingle and confound and lose sight of his suffering, in the vague and indefinite idea of suffering in the mass; and while we are too often unmoved, in consequence of our inability to combine a particular and a general view, by the general statement of thousands having suffered, we at once exclaim, when our eye is fixed on a single case like the one before us, what a shocking death is this! What barbarity there is in war! What insanity in men, that they should butcher and tear to pieces one another!

For five hours, (continues the narrative of this officer,) the enemy plied us with grape and round shot; some of the wounded, lying in the mud or on the wet grass, managed to crawl away, but every now and then some unfortunate man was lifted off the ground by round shot, and lay killed or mangled. During the tedious hours we remained in front; it was necessary to lie on the ground to cover ourselves from the projectiles. An officer of our regiment was in a reclining posture, when grape-shot passed through both his knees; at first he sunk back faintly; but at length opening his eyes & looking at his wounds, he said, "carry me away. I am chilled to death;" and as he was hoisted on men's shoulders, more round and grape shot passed his head. Taking off his cap, he waved it; and after many narrow escapes, got out of range, suffered amputation of both legs, but died of his wounds on board ship, after enduring all the pain of the surgical operation, and passing down the lake in an open boat.

There was an individual present at the naval battle of Trafalgar, who relates some things that came under his personal notice. From the account abridged and prepared for the second volume of the Harbinger of Peace, we make the following extract:—"Now that the conflict was over, our kindred feelings resumed their sway. Eager inquiries were expressed, and earnest congratulations exchanged at this moment. The officers came to make their report to the captain, and the fatal result cast a gloom over the scene of triumph.—I have alluded to the impressions of our first lieutenant, that he should not survive the contest. This gallant officer was severely wounded in the thigh, and under-

went amputation; but his prediction was realized; for he expired before the action had ceased. The junior lieutenant was also mortally wounded on the quarter deck. These gallant fellows were lying beside each other in the gun room preparatory to their being committed to the deep; and here many met to take a last look of our departed friends, whose remains soon floated in the promiscuous multitude, without distinction either of rank or nation. In the act of launching a poor sailor over the poop he was discovered to breathe; and after being a week in the hospital, the ball which entered the temple came out of his mouth. I notice this occurrence to show the probability, that many are thrown overboard when life is not extinct. The upper deck presented a confused and dreadful appearance. Masts, yards, sails, ropes, and fragments of wreck were scattered in every direction; nothing could be more horrible than the scene of blood and mangled remains with which every part was covered, and which, from the quantity of splinters, resembled a shipwright's yard strewn with gore.

From our extensive loss, thirty-four killed and ninety-six wounded, our cockpit exhibited a scene of suffering and carnage which rarely occurs. I visited this abode of suffering with the natural impulse which led many others thither, namely, to ascertain the fate of a friend or companion. So many bodies in such a confined place, and under such distressing circumstances, would affect the most obdurate heart; my nerves were but little accustomed to such trials, but even the dangers of the battle did not seem more terrific than the spectacle before me. On a long table lay several anxiously looking for their turn to receive the surgeon's care, yet dreading the fate which he might pronounce. One subject was undergoing amputation, and every part was heaped with sufferers. Their piercing shrieks and expiring groans were echoed through this vault of misery; and even at this distant period the heart sickening picture is alive in my memory.

Upham's Manual of Peace.

FATHER FORGIVE THEM.

Go proud infidel—search the ponderous tomes of heathen learning—explore the works of Confucius—examine the precepts of Seneca, and the writings of Socrates—collect all the excellencies of the ancient and modern moralists, and point to a sentence equal to this simple prayer of our Savior. Reviled and insulted—suffering the grossest indignities—crowned with thorns and led away to die! no annihilating curse breaks from his tortured breast. Sweet and placed as the aspirations of a mother for her nursing, ascends the prayer for mercy on his enemies. "Father, forgive them." Oh! it is worthy of its origin, and stamps with the brightest seal of truth that his mission was from heaven.

Acquaintances have you quarreled? Friends have you differed? If He, who was pure and perfect, forgave his bitterest enemies, do you well to cherish your anger? Brothers, to you the precept is imperative! You shall forgive; not seven times, but seventy times seven.

Husbands and wives, you have no right to expect perfection in each other. To err is the lot of humanity. Illness will render you sometimes petulant, and disappointments ruffle the smoothest temper.—Guard, I beseech, with unremitting vigilance, your passions; controlled, they are the genial heart that warms us along the way of life, ungoverned, they are consuming fires. Let your strife be one of respectful attentions, and conciliatory conduct. Cultivate with care the kind and gentle affections of the heart; plant not, but eradicate, the thorns that grow in your partner's path; above all let no feelings of revenge ever find harbour in your breast; let the sun never go down upon your anger. A kind word; an obliging action; if it be a matter of trifling concern, and trifles are the things that generally are permitted to occupy the mind more than things of greater concern, has a power superior to the harp of David in calming the billows of the soul.

Revenge is incompatible with happiness and religion. Let him whose heart is back with malice and studious of revenge, walk in the fields while clad in verdure, and adorned with flowers: to his eye there is no beauty, the towers exhale no fragrance. Dark as his soul, nature is robed in the deepest sable. The smile of beauty lights not up his bosom with joy; but the furies of hell rage in his breast and render him as miserable as he could wish the object of his hate.

But let him lay his hand on his heart and say, "Revenge, I cast thee from me—Father, forgive me, as I forgive mine enemies;" and nature will assume a new and delightful garb. Then indeed, are the meads verdant and the flowers fragrant; then is the music of the groves delightful to the ear, and the smile of virtuous beauty lovely to the soul.—Charles Miner.

Is the skill and discernment employed in increasing the resources and glory of earthly kingdoms, to be compared with the divineness of saving immortal souls? Grimshaw's Life of Richmond.

The Philosopher Zeno, was so strictly temperate that his scholars had it as a maxim, "as sober as Zeno."

W. Grimshaw.—Mr. Whitefield, in a sermon he preached at Haworth, having spoken severely of those professors of the gospel, who, by their loose & evil conduct, cause the ways of truth to be evil spoken of, intimated his hope that it was not necessary to enlarge much upon that topic to the congregation before him, who had so long enjoyed the benefit of an able and faithful preacher; and he was willing to believe that their profiting appeared to all men.—This roused Mr. Grimshaw's spirit, and notwithstanding his great regard for the preacher, he stood up, and interrupting him, said, with a loud voice, "Oh! sir, for God's sake, do not speak so; I pray you, do not flatter. I fear the greater part of them are going to hell with their eyes open."—S. S. Journal.

WHO DOES THIS ARTICLE REFER TO?

Why, sir, it refers to you, if you have committed those sins of which it speaks. A guilty conscience needs no accuser. As long as you continue to practice sins and abominations, they shall as often be uncovered. The best course for you to pursue is this: forsake your iniquitous deeds immediately. Then you will never tremble, in taking up our paper, lest you see yourself drawn out in true characters.—The virtuous and honest never suspect an article refers to them—and why? Because the sins which are exposed are not applicable to them. They are never offended at our paper. The libertine—the drunkard—the gambler, and the confederator are offended, and they alone. And the course that we pursue will never please them, unless they rake open their own hearts and clear them of the filthiness and abomination.—Juvenile Reformer.

ULTRAISM.

The New-York Journal of Commerce has a chapter of lamentations on the ultraism, and as he says, symptoms of reaction in the temperance cause. What is this reaction? Why, when you say to a gentleman that it is wrong to drink wine and strong drink, he reacts. He is as much of a temperance man as you are, but this ultraism he cannot bear. We had thought that at present there was not much apathy in this cause, only on the part of those whose favorite strong drinks are attacked by the tee-totalists; and there we find but little apathy when appetite is made to react against truth and conscience. We confess we are ultra. We wish to bring all truth to bear against all sin, and leave the consequences with God.

One word more. If these anti-ultraists are such warm friends of the temperance cause, and so very numerous and respectable, why have they not taken the lead, and kept the cause safely in their own hands? How came the ultraists, a small and ignoble band, to get the whole control of affairs?—N. E. Spectator.

LET IT ALONE.

Shall we let vice alone? Shall we allow men unmolested, to ruin themselves and others? Shall the places vacated by the deaths of abandoned persons be filled by our relatives or friends? Shall houses of prostitution be suffered to exist, labelled with the inscription, "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death?"—Juvenile Reformer.

GOD DEFINED.—Collins, the free-thinker, met a plain countryman going to church. He asked him where he was going? "To Church, sir." "What do you do there?" "Worship God." "Pray, whether is your God a great or a little God?" "He is both, sir." "How can he be both? He is so great that the heaven cannot contain him, and so little that he can dwell in my heart." Collins declared that this simple answer of the countryman had more effect upon his mind, than all the volumes the learned doctors had written against him.

REVIVALS.

REVIVAL IN ROCHESTER. Protracted meetings have been in operation since the first of February. Commencing in the Baptist churches, they extended into the Presbyterian and Methodist churches. The meetings were continued about two weeks in the Free Church, and are now held in the first and second churches.—These meetings have been attended with success and greatly blessed in all the churches. We think we may say some hundreds have passed from death unto life. The ministers from abroad, who have been honored instruments in the work, are Elder Par, of Auburn, Rev. Mr. Spencer, of Genesee, Rev. Mr. Wing, of Ogden, Rev. Mr. Lord, of Buffalo, and Rev. Mr. Merritt, of Macedon. God also appears to be pouring out his spirit upon the people of other towns in this region of country; under the ministrations of Rev. Mr. Avery, in the towns of Gaines, Attica, Riga, and Bergen, converts have increased, and the cause of God has been greatly strengthened.

The Sabbath school cause, we trust, is also receiving a new impulse. An interesting convention of teachers and friends to the Sabbath school cause was held by the Monroe Union, this week, in the town of Penfield, and the Rev. Mr. Savage was employed as a permanent agent for the Union, to labor within the county constantly. On the whole, things look as though there were some men and women